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can, in translations if they must), and from his reading they will arise refreshed and strengthened, with a deeper sense of life's dignity and worth. Mr. Perry is an Englishman, but America may well boast that our own Bryant has enriched our common language with its noblest rendering of the glorious epics, and many will turn from one to the other with enhanced enjoyment.

G. B. ROSE.

ROSE'S "RENAISSANCE MASTERS."

RENAISSANCE MASTERS, THE ART OF RAPHAEL, MICHAELANGELO, LEONARDO DA VINCI, TITIAN, CORREGGIO, AND BOTTICELLI. By George B. Rose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. 8vo., pp. vii. 189.

Readers of this REVIEW have the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Rose, and they will recognize in the introduction to his new volume a very interesting paper on the general features of the Renaissance in Italy contributed by him to these pages not many months since. The characteristics of this introduction are the characteristics of the entire book: full knowledge, sound taste, balance, and sanity of judgment. So far as we can tell, there is not an eccentric note in the book—which is rare enough in all writings upon subjects of art, especially since Mr. Ruskin has impressed his brilliant but often bizarre spirit upon the world.

It is hard to say which of the papers we prefer. That on Raphael corrects the balance, which has lately been tipping toward depreciation. That on Leonardo succeeds admirably, in spite of its short compass, in bringing out the marvelous universality—it will not do to say versatility—of the man in whom culminated the genius of the Renaissance. That on Titian does him full justice as a religious and portrait painter, and is not at all vitiated by the current overestimation of the great but harsh Tintoretto. Correggio, too, who was overestimated by the last century but has suffered in this, is treated most sympathetically but, to our mind, fairly. As for Botticelli, Mr. Rose understands well his historical importance and shows himself all the truer a lover of the painter in not becoming his bitter partisan. He brings

out Botticelli's charm, though perhaps he does not emphasize sufficiently its morbid features, and thus, as throughout his book, occupies that safe balanced position which is indicative of serene culture. The appearance of such a volume ought to be hailed with satisfaction by all who are interested in the development of Southern literature. W. P. T.

WELLS'S MODERN FRENCH FICTION.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH FICTION. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D.
New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

Professing to be a study of novels, not of novelists, this book of criticism is not only well worth reading, but one that can get itself read by any one who begins it to the last word on the last page. It wastes no space with irrelevant gossip, so usually deemed an important part of literary discussions; yet it never fails to furnish a spiritual portrait of each author of importance with whose works it deals; a portrait not of the citizen, the friend, the lover, the man of the world, but of the novelist as such. Dr. Wells is a reader who can give himself and others a clear account of what he has enjoyed or, as the case may be, suffered. His synopsis of a complex novel is wonderfully succinct, yet vital. He seizes the central thought, the essential features of the situation, the inmost soul of a character. Clear-sighted, no fair hypocrisies can easily dupe him, even if now and then he may wink one eye and pretend not to see. Scholar though he is, he sees no harm in cracking a nut full of humorous meat; in cracking a nut wittily empty. He will pin an epithet wickedly delightful to the coat tails of a vulgar noun that struts along unconscious of its absurdity. While you contemplate the quiet constellations in his critical sky, he will shoot off a rocket of paradox, to the momentary disgust of the stars of the first magnitude and the confusion of the heavenly-minded. But this freedom, boyishness, waggery, is no evidence of levity. He is deeply in earnest. But he has the unusual courtesy not to assume that our patience and erudition are as unfailing and well disciplined as his. Indeed, he makes light of